The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

VOLUME XXV No. 1 | OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1927 | PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: The Collegian is published twice a month by the students of Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Subscription, $1.50 per Semester, payable in advance, postage prepaid. Single copies, 15 cents.

Address all communications to The Collegian, Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Make all checks payable to The Collegian.

Entered as second class matter October 4, 1922, at the postoffice, at Oakland, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1163, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 4, 1922.

Telephone Lakeside 562 and 563. Publication Office, Saint Mary's College.

Address all business communications to
PETER A. STOLICH, Business Manager

TWENTYY-FIFTH YEAR

T. WILLARD GATES - - - - - - EDITOR
FRANCIS P. BOLAND - - - ASST. EDITOR

. . EDITORIALS . .

THE OPENING CRY

Yep! Here we are, back again, and as chipper and full of news as never before. The Collegian extends its greetings to all the old bunch—the staid Seniors, jaunty Juniors, and sapient Sophs (alliteratively putting it)—glad to see that you've made a safe return to the fold, alert and keen-eyed after a lengthy vacation. And our new crop of peering, curious, timid, and unsettled fledglings, allow us to commend you on your excellent choice of a college. Now don't squirm in your seat, sneer, and tell yourself that this is all hokum, for it's not. The Collegian is just part of the big, happy family here at St. Mary's, and our greetings are sincere—(if you don't think so, ask Brother Agnon, he'll verify this). Also, this is the last year the college will function on the old Broadway site, before its migration to Moraga, so let's get together and make it a big year in all respects. Come on Saints, let's go!

OGEEGOSH!!

A few months back, Dr. Ernest R. Groves, head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Boston, conducted a roundtable discussion of student suicides at the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in Oakland. In it he came flatly out and predicted a rise in the number of suicides among students for this year. The reason he gives as too much publicity concerning the student suicides of last year. The students who terminate their own existence he terms introverts, possessing minds that look and dwell within themselves. The extrovert, or person whose mind is concerned with external things, is a more optimistic individual, and absolutely cannot be bothered with suicide for the motives appealing to the introvert.

So, as we settle down to college life, let's consider this problem. As long as we continue as students we had best resolve to be extroverts—it's not so dangerous. Though no student of St. Mary's has as yet "shuffled off his mortal coil," who knows what the future holds in store? Some unfortunate individual, driven temporarily insane by excessive noise on the top floor, or fear of the ten per cent rule, may make a messy end of himself. So, to avoid this adopt extrovertism, the new student tonic, throw off the black cloak of introvertism. You can't attend the Junior Prom if you're dead, and—oh! enough of a morbid subject.

A LITTLE ACTION PLEASE!

What's wrong with our societies? We have numerous organizations around this institution, which are organizations in name only. Some of them have been dormant for years, never doing anything that would savor of action. And the remainder? Not much better—an occasional show of life, and then silence, silence, silence.

Now the wonderful spirit at St. Mary's is the students' boast, and on convivial nights, the Almni's toast. It's all true enough, there is spirit here and plenty of it. Nevertheless our societies do very little in fostering it, where they should be leading it around by the nose, instilling it into the students, for the most part in past years they have been stepping on its tail and holding it down.

You may say this is putting things a little strong, but we ask you very confidentially and otherwise, is it? Consider the past years yourself. An occasional dance, an initiation now and then, and what else? More silence, nothing more.

Then let's get together on this, men. What about kindling a vital spark in our societies right now that will remain kindled? Get the ball rolling and keep it rolling. Now we think that our societies have the stuff in them that action is made of—but we merely think, we don't know. They'll have to show their wares, if they have them to show.

If they have, mayhap that modest reluctance has caused them to "hide their light under a bushel." Perhaps like the big, brown, wooly bear, they have been hibernating. If so, then like the big, brown, wooly bear, let them come forth into the sunlight of student activity. It will be a gala day here when that happens, and like the misanthrops we are, we are very dubious of it ever happening. If the unexpected occurs, we'll have to have a celebration—ice cream cones 'n everything.

AN OLD QUESTION

Why college? Papa is paying good money for us—what is he going to get for it? Most educators wonder if the son receives anything for which his father can be thankful. Does university training fit one for a "big moneyed" position? Does it teach anything? For both—no! What does it do then? We wish we knew. What the college should do is our present concern.

Under the present system of education, the student acquires a number of facts. If he studies business, by the time he has served his apprenticeship in that establishment which he enters after leaving college, he has forgotten most of what he has memorized. If he pursuies a technical course, he has the merest smattering of the terms used in his field by the time he receives the sheepskin. If the student enter a profession—well, what does he know? Nor can we of today console ourselves with statistics; supposing a large percentage of college men have succeeded,—they came from the colleges of ten and twenty years ago.

We will not say that college should cultivate the habit of study ,nor of an agreeable personality, nor of social prestige. College should make one think. If once a boy begins to question things, to make associations of his own, to discover causes of facts, to examine others—then he is ready for his diploma. A happy, successful life is not produced by knowledge of a subject, nor the awareness of the intricate processes by which that knowledge was acquired. The acceptance of that greatest of burdens, the thing which makes for man's sorrows and greatest joys, is the aim of education. With Thought, everything else falls easily and naturally into place—our studies, our work, our play, our whole lives assume an aspect that makes for material and spiritual happiness.

LUNATICS AT LARGE

Some individuals are lovable fools, and others laughable, ludicrous buffoons. Let's concern ourselves with the latter specie of imbecile for the present moment—only for a moment mind you, he's only worthy of a passing grin. The "Literary Digest" in a recent issue, quoting from the report of Homer Croy, a writer and novelist investigating the situation for the "World's Work" tells us that atheism is spreading with appalling rapidity in the schools, colleges and universities of the country. It seems that some society, obviously another money making scheme, which parades under the prolific and "once seen never to be forgotten" title of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, is at the bottom of it all. In the space of eighteen months this 4A contraption has wriggled and writhed its way into a foothold in twenty colleges and preparatory schools, edged its way into three high schools, and founded a junior athetistic movement. Fast work, don't you think?

And returning to the subject of mountebanks. Let's not get excited over the new society, and cudgel our brains for some way to exorcise this grinning devil into a nut shell, so we can keep it quiet in the warm folds of our waistcoat pocket. No, let it be, and anyway it might hatch out again—it is rumored some hens hatch doorknobs. The 4 A's is only an ephemeral organization engaged in snaring morons, and will inevitably milk them dry. Let our atheistic society alone—it is unique, and a decided innovation. It has gotten for its members only offsprings of stagnant stock, silly nincompoops, and plain jackasses. These think they are doing something smart and original by denying God and parading around under some striking appellation such as "The Damned Souls," and "God's Black Sheep." All the time our 4A men are chuckling up their sleeves, and growing rich. They have even penetrated high schools. When they get warmed up our kindergartens will get it. Any game's fair game for them as long as it can't or won't think for itself. "Damned Souls" bah! We know a better and similar sounding name for them, and it doesn't end with "souls" either.

YANKEE PLUCK

Remember the hubbub a short while back regarding the sad standstill America was at in the aeronautical line? Remember Colonel "Billy" Mitchell's noisy lamentation of the fact, and what followed? And now what?

No longer do we hear these cries—the tune has changed. The American populace is busy heaping honors on such heroes as Lindbergh, Byrd, Maitland, and Goebel. These aviators stepped into the breach of discontent, and stopped it up. The Atlantic has been flown, the Pacific spanned—and by Americans! Foreigners trying the Atlantic flight met with failure.

And what does this prove? Simply that American dash and determination, cleverness and individual courage dominates the air world, and has put the Stars and Stripes out in front. And although this country is still numerically in arrears in the air line, as long as the brilliance of the Yankee aviator remains undimmed we have little to fear. Planes can be manufactured, but nervy men of action must be born!

MY FRIEND, MR. B—

Queer thing, this mundane existence of ours. I fear that standardization, a fault often imputed to American civilization, is not without justiee. We struggle on, from day to day, meeting people, but how often is it that we meet some one who makes an impression upon us that can not be effaced by time or tide? Everyone seems to have been cast from the same mold. It is the exception that we remember.

B— was such a man. Was he a man? Yes, there is no doubt about that. But, a strange figure, flashes of spiritual allure about him. My description of Mr. B— must perforce involve me in a maze of symbolism. The best part of him was imponderable, intangible, it signified something profound.

What impressed me most about B— was his ideas. Not a Catholic, he at times showed a penetration into Catholicism never attained by any Catholic of my acquaintance. He was not a Catholic by affiliation but he was a Catholic at heart. So he told me himself many times, in different words of course. B— was, and still is in my mind, the most versatile man I have ever known. His knowledge seemed to have no bounds. I remember well the night I purposely looked up some obscure subject to try him. It was Chinese pottery a very jejune matter. Well, to put the entire thing in a few words, I was held spellbound till the wee small hours of the next morning, listening with unwonted interest to something that I had thought to be about the dullest subject imaginable.

That cured me; in the future I allowed B— to go on unimpeded with his brilliant disquisitions of art and life. As I say, he spoke on all questions with equal facility, although I have a suspicion that he was more in his element when discussing literature, particularly poetry. His eyes would then glow in a most peculiar way. He was indefatigable. Hours and hours he would talk, pausing periodically, to quaff a bit of hot coffee which he kept in some electric arrangement. This and an old typewriter of ancient vintage were B—'s only concessions to modernity.

He was one of nature's anomalies, innocent of guile and selfishness. How well I recall those long never-to-be-forgotten evenings in his room, B— busily enwrapt in some problem, talking on and on, with me listening eager eyed as a child, sometimes gaping at the beauties being called to mind, and being pictured with the deftness of a painter by my incomparable friend. Would that I could recreate those scenes for every one of you. But nature endowed B— with a gift that unfortunately I do not possess. I will try to give you in these columns the thought of B—, with the help of the notes that he graciously allowed me to take, although he laughed at the idea of my doing so.

I always found him among the flotsam-jetsam of humanity, the drifters, indifferent to the beckonings of a success-ridden world. We would walk for a while, but inevitably wind up to his room. That room, which was the scene of disorder. It looked to me more like an antique shop with its heaps of curios, souvenirs of every description, and what-not, heaped upon each other. Various other papers, often poems and essays of B— were strewn upon the floor. B— always told me that he believed confusion added to comfort, and without effort I soon found that I was a convert to his way of thinking in this matter as in numerous others.

B— had a flare for wit. My long cigarette holder he tauntingly poked fun at every time I went through the trouble of extracting it from my breast pocket and placing one of our popular "fifteen centers" (per package) in its nozzle.

I had read Machen's "Hieroglyphics" with its picturesque literary hermit and had been enthralled by his penetrating discriminations upon literature, his nice distinctions between literature and fine literature. I had also perused Mr. Cabell's "Beyond Life" with the voluble John Charteris holding the floor. Myles Connolly's "Mr. Blue" had also interested me profoundly and I experienced a poignant pang of regret when Mr. Blue made his exit. The aura of mystery that surrounded the super-men was enhanced by their biographer's inability to penetrate them. B—'s character was, and shall always be, to me an enigma. I am, however, not a biographer of his life or character, but of his ideas.

The circumstances under which I met B— were as strange as the man himself. Before I go any further let me tell you that this is not a detective story, neither is it a mystery story, alhough I admit there are some rather inexplainable aspects about it, or rather about the man whom it concerns.

I had just been a year engaged in the practice of law. Those long night sessions with Blackstone had left me without any particular companion. The demands of Blackstone were exacting, he was an envious old fellow and when I took up with any companion he would become decidedly unruly so I finally decided to attach myself to him alone. This decision had made me somewhat of a social pariah and even after a year acclimatising to this new profession I found myself without a buddy.

One evening I was hurrying to my favorite North Beach restaurant for a dish of minestrone and spaghetti and, of course, the ubiquitous glass of wine. Under my arm I carried a bulky volume of "The Education of Henry Adams," an old favorite of mine that I had drawn out of the library. My finances had not yet arrived at that stage where I could purchase every book I desired. Washington Square Park was deserted. The derelicts who made it their rendezvous were no doubt making thir rounds in quest of their evening meal.

Walking along my foot encountered a smooth pebble of uncommon size, and suddenly I executed as perfect a nose dive as you would ever want to see. I, sitting there very undignified, thanked myself that I had at least the consolation of not having a row of spectators to witness my rather ludicrous predicament.

"Very well done, but the technique in landing could be improved." These words I heard in an unusual voice. It was a man's voice but such as I had never heard and never should hear from any other. Consternation is an extreme word, however it describes my confused emotions to perfection. I looked up and there saw the man who was going to become my unforgettable friend. There he was, alone—probably day dreaming, when I awkwardly interrupted his reverie. He picked up my book "The Education of Henry Adams," and spoke, telling me more about it than I learned in four or five readings of the book.

To make a long story short, we had dinner together, friendship ripened, and my education began.

N. B.—In the next issue, B— will discuss poetry, and give examples of his own composition to prove his theory.

L'ART DES FEES

"Her eye discourseth, I will answer it."—
"Romeo and Juliet"

It was on the train to 'Frisco that I met her. She was already on the car when I got aboard. She viewed me attentively as I entered, with one of those "I've seen you somewhere" looks. But I was sure that I had never before seen her; and, without observing her particularly, I took the only seat I could find, which, as it happened, obliged me to intrude my presence into a party of three who occupied a double seat, and to ride backwards. Thus, as the train moved on, I faced the girl who had scanned me so curiously.

As I settled myself upon the cushion, I noticed with some surprise that she was still gazing at me. I should say staring, had she been a person of less obvious refinement. Her face wore a quizzical, perplexed expression. I knew she was saying to herself, "Where have I met that fellow?" I doffed my hat—what else could I do?—and tried to say, as plainly as I could in the language of grimace, "O, are you there?" She acknowledged my salutation with an almost imperceptible smile.

I glanced away then, at things less interesting. But somehow my eyes soon returned to her, and—she was still looking straight at me! She seemed now, I thought, a little provoked with herself for having mistaken me for an acquaintance of hers, and at the same time pleased with herself for having discovered her error. But still she continued to contemplate me steadily and serenely, as if she were a professional face-reader endeavoring to fathom the depths of my physiognomy.

Perhaps she was trying to flirt with me! The thought struck me with a thud. My heart pounded my ribs audibly. I was uninured to the amorous glances of women. I saw her differently now. Her air of culture and refinement was no longer the most conspicuous thing about her. I wondered I had not before observed how beautiful she was.

I began critically to scrutinize her and to analyze her beauty. Now and then, in a quiet, ladylike way, she appeared to smile—faintly, delicately, deliciously. I also smiled. Once I fancied she blushed slightly. But she did not remove her eyes from me.

Ah, it was her eyes! Not her perfect complexion, not her wealth of auburn hair, not her dimples nor her pretty mouth, not the graceful contour of her countenance was the secret of her power. It was her eyes. Her eyes so large and blue, so eloquent in their expressiveness! Her eyes so sparkling, so dazzling, so fascinating!

I gazed into them with rapture. I meditated verses in their praise. Without knowing who she was, without knowing whether she were single or married, or widowed, maid or mother, I did know that I loved her to infatuation. She had fascinated me. I was charmed; charmed by the modest but unrelenting gaze of those beautiful, beautiful eyes!

Alas! too soon the spell was broken. At the next station she left the train. Immediately behind me sat two women. Of course, the departure of my angel elicited comment from them.

"That's Dora Darling," said one, as I was trying to persuade myself that this was not my stopping place, too. "Her father owns a large apiary here. Poor thing! About a year ago she was terribly stung by the bees. She's been blind ever since. She wears glass eyes now, and folks say they look quite natural."

I. A. Ink.

POETS CORNER

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the litle toy dog was new,
And the soldier passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair.
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam—
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,—
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so;
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, tho it may hap
That I be called to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard.

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sighed Alas,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That winged word.

—Walter Savage Landor.

STAFF

DEPARTMENTS

W. W. KELLER, '28 - - - - - - - Drama
L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - - - Sports
N. NUGENT, '29 - - - - - - - - Sports
A. DEMARTINI, '28 - - - - - - - - Books
H. BERTAIN, '29 - - - - - - - - Alumni

NEWS

J. FITZGERALD, '30 G. DELEW, '28 J. T. DAVIS, '31
W. PAGE, '28 H. BURT, '28
M. CLONEY, '28

DRAMA

"THE VALLEY OF CONTENT"

Previously we have spoken rather disparagingly of the triangle type of play referring to it as being rather trite and tiresome. Yet occasionally a drama is presented which succeeds in using this form of plot in an interesting fashion. Such a play is "The Valley of Content," by Blanche Upright, recently presented by the local Fulton players headed by the famous Marjorie Rambeau.

The production of the drama was highly enjoyable, but this was not due so much to the manner of presentation as to the excellence of the piece itself. The plot of the play is a domestic tragedy resulting from the acquisition of wealth accompanied by the desire for social "position." The false notion that the attainment of wealth necessarily simplifies the gaining of happiness is shown. In accordance with the tastes of the times, the tragedy is relieved by a happy ending; the public does not want moral lessons in drama—it prefers the enjoyment to be derived from a story which closes in a manner humorous and pleasing, both for the characters in the play and the audience. However, Blanche Upright has presented her domestic problem very adequately since she has not permitted box-office demands to spoil the effect of her work; she has adopted the rather time-worn yet still successful vehicle of a story within a story. At the end of the first scene, the principal character is seen reading a novel. The play develops; in the last scene, the audience is brought back to the plot of the novel—it was a tale of what "might have been"; all are quite relieved that it "wasn't," since the conclusion of the novel was most unhappy and unpleasant. The writer is satisfied since she has presented her problem—the audience is also gratified that it can leave with a smile instead of a sober expression on its face. The audience and the writer are content since both accomplished what they desired; the one has been amused, the other has presented her moral problem.

It is said that "The Valley of Content" was written particularly for Marjorie Rambeau. Certainly it takes an actress of her experience and ability to do justice to the play. She is the one outstanding figure of the drama—the rest are mere types, stage puppets, whose presence serves as a necessary means of dvloping th principal character.

—William W. Keller, '28.

——— S. M. ———

"THE ALARM CLOCK"

Henry Duffy's latest presentation, "The Alarm Clock," now playing at the Alcazar Theatre, is one of entertaining caliber. Indeed, I might say it is highly entertaining—that is, to those individuals who judge the value of a drama by the laughs it produces. But at least, the play is enjoyable, perhaps much more so than a play on the order of Theodore Dreiser's "American Tragedy." And for that, we give it credit.

"The Alarm Clock" of its very nature is no brain-taxer. It possesses many clever lines, and most of them are clearly delivered. Mr. Thomas Chatterton and Miss Marion Lord appear to be the most impressive thespians of the production.

The plot is deftly handled, as far as plots are taken care of in comedies, and is convincing. In short, we may say that as comedies go it is a good one and has brought some recognition to its author, Avery Hopwood. Such a play as "The Alarm Clock" has not the deft touch and finish that is exhibited in Anne Nichols' "Abie's Irish Rose." It succeeds, however, in drawing the giggles and laughs of the theatre-going public. Even those who are not wont to smile find themselves doing so ever so often, when the farce becomes quite farcical.

Perhaps, the white-haired theatre critic may call such a comedy as "The Alarm Clock" a waste of time and money. Let him! It affords harmless enjoyment which is enuf.

TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS

It is thoroughly realized that this is rather a late period to be speaking of Arthur Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," which was produced in San Francisco last June. Yet this production was of particular significance not only because of its excellence, but also because of its associations with the lamented death of John Drew. Mr. Drew was scheduled to play an important part in the play, but illness prevented him. What was thought to be a passing spell developed into a serious sickness resulting in the death of this internationally famous actor. That he should be stricken while still actively and successfully engaged in dramatic interpretation is beautifully tragic—it was a fitting close to his remarkable career.

John Drew ever advocated the better type of drama, and his connection with "Trelawney of the Wells" was quite worthy of him. Modern tastes have rather made such productions as these a scarcity, yet the sheer beauty of this ever remarkable play commands the enthusiastic and constantly increasing appreciation of all frequenters of the theatre. Being that this is the third successful revival of the drama, we no longer believe that the approval of the audience is something passing. It is lasting. Now we may feel reasonably sure that this dramatic effusion from the pen of Pinero will live for many years to come, as will also the fame of those who took part in ii.

"Trelawney of the Wells" descended upon local theatricals like a breath of fresh air—for it truly was a relief from the habitual triangle nonsense and risque types of so-called "modern drama. "It is a play of the life of stage folk in Victorian times; it is a story of those days when participants in dramatic productions were viewed with askance by established society; it is a tale of conflicting caste feeling and custom.

The plot is delightful, the technique of the drama excellent. The suspense is well developed, and the play is enlightened with good humor from the volatile and bombastic actors, with added quips by Pinero at the chains of Victorian customs. Our interest never lags, and our appreciation ever increases.

This particular production was further enhanced by the fact that it was in the hands of a really "all-star" cast. There were such actors of note as Mrs. Whiffen, Henrietta Crosman, Eric Dressler and many others. Every character in the drama was thoroughly individual with a distinct personality. There were, strictly speaking, none of the habitual "type" characters and stage puppets so frequently found in dramatic productions.

"Trelawney of the Wells" showed that the public is still able to appreciate fine, wholesome, old-fashioned drama. Altogether we have nothing but praise for the recent production of Pinero's famous play. Its own merits were sufficient that the production would be long remembered by local play-goers, but its association with the death of John Drew has added a deeper significance and impression that will not be easily removed by the passage of time.

—William W. Keller, '28.

BOOKS

ELMER GANTRY AND SINCLAIR LEWIS

We have no expectations of reading a novel from the pen of Theodore Dreiser possessed of great character study. Such a novel must, perforce, be written by an author who thinks. Mr. Dreiser, if his literary output can be taken as a criterion, has been meagerly endowed with that matter with which men customarily do their thinking. Nature ordained him to be a biologist—a very poor biologist indeed—but nonetheless a biologist. His novels for the most part are concerned with a cataloguing of divers animal reactions under certain stimuli that can hardly have any appeal to readers who are wont to demand expert delineation of human beings.

Mr. Lewis is in the same predicament. His world is essentially a counterfeit world and the grotesqueries he creates are not like people as we know them. The author of "Elmer Gantry" is no deep thinker, consequently he can't write novels about deep thinkers. His novels will appeal to those who care for superficialites and are not able to discern the mimicry which is the forte of Mr. Lewis. The author is also skilled in the art of deception. He need not be so skilful as his public is a very verdant public. How he has so long and so well succeeded in bamboozling his readers is difficult to understand. But look at how well his gyrating champion, the anti-Nordic-Nordic, Mr. H. L. Mencken has put over his drivel.

Rabelais in his palmiest days created no weirder mountebank than Gantry. Gantry is introduced to us under strange circumstances; he is drunk, pugnaciously drunk, melodiously drunk with a strong insistence of inflicting his ditties upon his companion. The hero-villain, garrulous Mr. Gantry, is then unleashed on a rampage to the extent of four hundred pages. His career teems with gargantuan episodes of debauchery, carnality, hypocrisy and chicanery. By making his leading character a minister of the gospel the author seeks to show his hatred of the clergy. In one or two places Lewis mentions Catholicism and though we can't expect him to admire any religion, he at least shows that his hatred of Catholicism is less than that which he holds for the others.

Gantry has no prototype, unless it be Lewis himself. The latter "snuk" off to Europe just before the book was put on the bookstalls and our guess is that he was afraid that someone might have noted the similarity, upon close scrutiny.

The book has interest, but so has the morning newspaper. Lewis has made a great deal of money as have many other writers who now sleep mute and ingloriously in some distant county churchyard. So much for Elmer.

In "Babbit" Sinclair Lewis sought to satirize the American-type business man and he succeeded remarkably well although he produced no great novel. "Babbit" was his snarl against standardization. A very good aspect of contemporary civilization to snarl at ,but a rather unhappy selection of a vehicle in which to do the snarling.

Mr. Lewis is not without some points of genius, however. His "Arrowsmith" showed that he could delineate charcter. Leora, the wife of Martin Arrowsmith, remains his finest achievement. Some day when the creator of Gantry decides that further additions to his exchequer would be superfluous, he might settle himself down to the task of writing novels with characters like Leora and Martin, leaving the Pickerbaughs, Gantrys and Babbits alone. It is possible that under such circumstances he might come into his own. Stranger phenomena have been known to occur.

IN TOWNS AND LITTLE TOWNS

By Leonard Feeny, S. J.
The America Press, 1927.

Among the many misunderstood phases of Catholicism is one in connection with the members of religious orders and asceticism. Such members as belonging to these orders are supposed by many to be a long-faced lot, who indulge in the outlandish practice of self-flagellation. This lugubriousness is never supposed to be disturbed by anything so daring as a smile. That this is a weird and incorrect notion all those who have had any contact, however small, with religions know. What gives further lie to the current belief is the latest volume of poems by Father Leonard Feeny, S. J. This Jesuit poet is smiling all the while. His poems contain a buoyancy and a captivating rhythm never attained by any lay poet of our knowledge. Some good poetry is being produced in America today, and Father Feeny's works stands well up among the best. We need not entertain any fears with regard to the status of Catholic letters with poets of such high merit among us.

Like Sandburg, Father Feeny sees beauty in the commonplace, but with greater understanding than Sandburg. Some of the titles of his poems are: "The Deathbed"; "The Rivals"; "The Traffic Cop"; "The Fireman"; "The Baker's Window"; "The Guardian Angel"; "The Altar Boy"; "Wealth" and "The Juggler." He treats each subject in a manner entirely new, opening new vistas that we never knew existed. "The Undertaker" says:

Scrawny and thin my dead come in
But looks are soon forgotten;
I fill the hollows in their cheeks
With little bits of cotton.

I set their hair a-waving fair
And draw their eyelids down,
And like a sculptor ply my art
Removing scowl and frown.

For death is brief and so is grief;
The tomb is no disgrace;
And every man I bury wears
A smile upon his face.

Here is charm and here is simplicity. Father Feeny's devotional poems posses the same power. He catches each little flashing bit of beauty and deftly adorns it with his magic touch. Of his shorter poems, "The Teller's Wife" is very good:

I've a little squirrel keeps
Me company.
I've a little yellow bird
To sing for me.

Counting money in a bank
My man's engaged.
Everyone I love in life
Is caged.

We agree with the critic in "The Saturday Review" who says, "Compression as sure and significant as that is no mean attainment. The gift of the word is on the Irish. Father Feeny demonstrates that he has it."

IT IS TO LAUGH

"A TRATCHEDY OF HOLYWUD"
With Apologies to Milt Gross

Chentle reder, my name (yu knaw, de hondel wot was put on me when I wass boptized), hit is Batwing Rummelsburg. If, befor yu haf naver herd of me, yu knaw me now. Dis tale uf mine, as regarts intrest, may to yu not apeel ot all, but it shouldt, for it is a drue confassion. I would put in into de makazene wot pays for sach storys, but de idea of hafing de story uf de must critecal peeriud uf my life happear alang mit sach clessical writteings ass dis book passosses wonned me ofer, und I cantrebuted it to dis makazene. In dis do I tall yu de trutfal story uf my risse und fell in de mofin pitcher indoistry. So, yu who poiruse dis tale, steal de eyes int your headt, and suplemate your emoshuns, for a tale of file Holywud yu are readink.

In dis woild wass I bornt twanty-fife years hago. My fader, he wass a mens, unt my mudder she tuk in borders. Vell, at a tenter ege dit my perunts leafe dis veil tarrasterial und go uff into de Grat Beyund. Und me, a litthle shever, dit go oudt into de crual woild sailing newspoipers. So, sence den haf I ben farced to mak my whey, hafing no sach oppotunities as luts huf dese collitch keeds. Anywhey, to mak a haghunizing story shoter, I kep me fram starvink for elaven lung yers, tell, hat twanty-fore, I het Holywud. Now de doity woik stats!

Vell, I coult knot sail poipers hear, seaing Holywud hat no poiper uf its owun, und, ass I could knot ghet into Lost Angels coss han Yeasterner I wass knot, I hat to fund a knew trate. So I toined to de mofin pitcher indoistry. Hat foist I couldt mak no headtwhey, but hat lost I dit get a pot in de mob seen uf de Patchy News. Den I cantenued steathily hupwerds. Naxt I got a pot in de mob seen up "K. O. Vadiss." Yu knaw dis pitcher. A cuckoo by de name uf Nero boins Rome, und I wass wun uf de starkled Romuns. A beeg hit I mak hear, fore de prodoocer huf de "Big Perede" with Chack Gelbirt dit say I runs vell enuf to be a shouldier, und dit sine me hup. I played de pot uf de Choiman Secret Soivace mens in dat pitcher—no vun saw me. Den, in qvick suksession, played de pot uf de overcoat in "Hif Vinter Komes," und de Shatow uf de Rupe in "A Gallus Tratchety." From dis hevy stoff wass I switched to liter meterial. I wass de cruel bootlagger wot selt de licker to Ret Grang wot got him in bed. Also I wass de doity newspoiper mens wot pranted dot pece und pitcher wot got Chack Stun declart a perfessionel, unt almust last hem de goil. I wass goin to pley in dat soper-prodoocteon, de "Fantom uf de Opra," but Long Cheney set I het a batter fece den hem, und kecked me ouit. I wass a minor in de "Golt Rosh," und held de sattle in de "Irun Hurse," with Chorgey Obreyn, whoss Pappa iss Palise Chef in San Frencesco. I wass a prosess soiver fore Leta voisus Cholly, whech wass hunly a site chob nut consoined wit de mofies, bhut wass hunly intentad to ghet me in de publick's heyes. After dat I pleyed Hell wit "Fost," und wass de wine sellar in "Hottell Imparial." Yu knaw de lost pitcher, Poola beats de Roosiuns, but marys an Austrean, wot is almust ass bed hunly woiser. In "Maybe Dick" a see difer wass I, wot wass sapposed to buttle wit sherks, sord-fashes, octuposes, und all kines uf harriable animules. Sopsequentley, I de names, und hat last de tratchedy uf my liffe fells. Sesil de Mails wented me dat I shouldt pley in vun uf dese heducationel pitchers fer mens unly. Me bein perspiring to Rudolph's hempty padhestal, I rafused, seaing I wass knot goink to haf heny womens sea me hact. Sesil den bruk my kontract, und hirred Adolph Menjew in my plase. Dat vas de hend. I den qvit de beesiness in disgast, und go to woik in Frasno, de Resin Sity, for Rhoose Brudders, de cellars uf clothink fore de sacksassfel bessiness mens. Und dat is de true story uf my advant into Holywud, und my hexit tharefrum.

——— S. M. ———

"George, why do you always dance with me?"

"You have such nice comfortable feet."

SWALLOW THIS

How may swallows would Swallow swallow,
If Swallow could swallow swallows?
Why Swallow would swallow
All the swallows Swallow could swallow,
If Swallow could swallow swallows!

——— S. M. ———

A VALID REASON

Brother Ralph: "Why are you so far behind in your studies?"

Stude: "So I may pursue them with greater earnestness."

——— S. M. ———

IMMEDIATE INFERENCE

Lucio: "I bet Chaucer dictated to a stenographer."

Bill: "How come?"

Lucio: "Look at the spelling."

WAS SHE SURPRISED

An old farmer made a trip to the city and decided to startle his wife by appearing in a brand new raiment. To save wear on the new suit, he placed it carefully in the back of the wagon. A few miles from home he took off his old clothes and tossed them into the river.

He was surprised to see that the new clothes had dropped out of the wagon.

"Giddap, Maude," yelled the old man, pulling down his shirt tail as he realized his plight. "We'll surprise her, anyhow!"

——— S. M. ———

Poor Bennie is now dead and gone,
His face we'll see no more;
For what he took for H^2O
Was $H^2S\ O^4$.

"BRINGING FIFTH AVENUE TO SATHER GATE"

Charter House

CLOTHES

To Men of St. Mary's:

We are pleased to feel that you have given us the stamp of your approval. And in the face of the great mass of "bargain suit" advertising now to be seen in the Eastbay, this Shop wishes to tell you that we shall continue our policy of custom tailored, University endorsed clothing.

Our excellent Eastern affiliations assure you that the new Oxford Grays, and Browns we are showing for Fall are authentic college styles, shown here well in advance of other shops. CHARTER HOUSE is your guarantee of quality and workmanship.

Drop in where you'll find a ready welcome awaiting.

CHARTER HOUSE Suits For Fall, Priced at

$40

and better

GEORGE GOOD, '27

HERMAN'S

Smart Shop FOR MEN

2307 Telegraph Avenue

Hats By Mallory

Imported Dress Details

FIRST STUDENT MEETING HELD

A meeting was called on Thursday, August 25, when the Frosh were officially received into the Student Body, and introduced to their smiling President, Brother Lewis, who is the new head of the college.

Following, Brother Gregory, President of last year, gave a splendid farewell speech. Subsequent talks were rendered by Brother Leo, Professor Hagerty, and Edward "Slip" Madigan. Needless to say, the latter won over the new mens' hearts. The whole affair was ably conducted by Student Body President Thomas B. McCambridge, in the efficient manner that is synonymous with his business-like personality.

——— S. M. ———

BROTHER LEO LECTURES TODAY

Brother Leo, sponsored by the Catholic Professional Women's Club, is holding a course of lectures on the "Irish Contribution to English Literature" in San Francisco at the Y. M. I. Building on every Thursday in September at 4 p. m.

The lecture last Thursday, which was delivered before a large and appreciative audience, was "The Irish Mode in English," and the lecture for today is entitled, "The Poets." On September 15, "The Novelists" will be given; September 22, "The Dramatists"; September 29, "Some Irish Writers of Today." Single tickets are 75 cents, and the course $3. Tickets may be purchased at the door. Every student of the college is urged to attend at least one lecture. He won't find his time wasted.

——— S. M. ———

RAH! RAH! HURRATA! RAY! RAY!

The day designated for the tryout to find a capable hand to assist Head Yell Leader, Ray Arata, for the coming year, will soon be announced. The assistant is to come from the Junior Class.

As we all know, the rooting section today is one of the most important factors in the inspiring of a team of any sport to greater deeds and to victory in the face of obstacles. Here at Saint Mary's the rooting section has on many occasions inspired teams on to victory when it looked as if they would surely lose. Time after time, pitted against rooting sections that outnumbered ours two to one, the section has responded so whole heartedly that they actually out-yelled their bigger rivals. They never say "die."

It may be opportune at this time to ask the new freshmen to get in and learn the yells and songs, so that when the first yell practice is called, everyone will be in readiness to yell, and thereby save much valuable time that otherwise would be wasted.

——— S. M. ———

French Cowman Dons Student Garb

"Astride a horse, I alternately chased cows and pitched hay," exclaimed Henri Palazy, of Livermore, in that inimitable way of his. The soft-voiced fellow is now convinced that the only way in which to spend the summer is in a hard job and a hot climate. Browned and happy, he is preparing for another year of intensive work.

PATSY'S PROUD POPSY

"Slip" Madigan

S. M. GRID PROSPECTS SHAPE UP WELL

The football season is here, and around campus and corridor the current topic of conversation is that the greatest football season in the history of the Institution is now in the making. With the return to school of eleven letter men, coupled with the turning out of the majority of those stars who aided materially last year in making the first freshmen football team to represent Saint Mary's such a success, all things point to the greatest triumph on the gridiron in the history of the College.

A hard fight is anticipated by all those trying out for position on the Varsity, with two half backs, a reliable quarter back, a good punter, and reserve line men for every position needed.

In the line, Captain Larry Bettencourt will be back at center. His consistent and flashy playing has won for him the praise of the sport writers as the best pivot man on the coast barring none. He will have as his aid, Seghetti from last year's frosh squad. Seghetti bids fair to develop into a capable relief man for Bettencourt, as soon as he gains the necessary experience.

Flanking Bettencourt is Pope Illia, a guard of three years' experience, steady and consistent. Frank Mulcahy, the other guard of two years' Varsity competition, a big and fast man, insures Saint Mary's a center defense like the rock of Gibraltar. Also, Herrin, who two years ago as a freshman, showed plenty of talent, will be available to step in at any time he is called upon. Then there is Razetto from the frosh. At the tackle position, Homer Hicks, a three year veteran, will be fighting hard to show that no one will take his job from him. On the other side is Al Tobin, a husky tackle of two years' experience, who with Hicks, was a tower of strength in the line last year.

Fighting for tackle places will be Phil Murphy, relief man last year. Ackerman, a husky sophomore, who is very adept at kicking off. Higgins, also a sophomore, and O'Brien.

For wing men, Scarlett and Frankain, both veterans, seem a cinch to hold their places. Both are fast and defensive men of the first class. Both cover kicks well, and hold the opposing safety man to the least possible gain while running back punts. Scarlett is an expert receiver of forward passes. Sig Lien, who also will be out for end, will make a stiff fight for a regular position.

A dependable quarterback is needed to take over the position left vacant by the graduation of "Sparky" Farrell. Driscoll and Johnson, vets from last year's Varsity, will fight it out with Haley and Egan, signal callers from the frosh. At present it is anybody's victory, and all will be fighting hard. Haley, a fairly good punter, will make plenty of trouble for the others.

To fill the shoes of Underhill and Rooney, two of the most consistent backs on the Coast last year, will be some task. At the present writing there is plenty of fight going on to see who will be the tw olucky ones. Merrick, a letter man who profited by his experience as relief man last year,

(Continued on page 8, column 4)

——— S. M. ———

Herrin & Hicks Hold Sticks

Brother George, the newly appointed Prefect, has little to worry about regarding Freshmen disturbers on the Fifth Floor. All Brother George has to do is rap on the door of a certain room three times, and woe betide the Frosh bent on maliciousness. Within the portals of this certain room reside none other than "Hack" Hicks and his little playmate, "Hoot" Herrin. Brother George disregards all attempted probings into the matter as to the signing of Hicks and Herrin as assistant Prefects, but unwary Freshmen should take heed.

SAINT MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL DEDICATED

In the erection of the beautiful new Saint Mary's College High School at Peralta Park in Berkeley, the Christian Brothers have finished the first unit of their elaborate building program. The completion of this building was appropriately marked by dedication exercises taking place in the presence of His Grace, Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, and several other members of the clergy of rank and standing. A large throng of people was present for the occasion.

After the flag-raising ceremony which was marked by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail, Alma Mater" by the High School students, the crowd repaired to the courtyard of the new building. Edward I. Barry, '07, President of the Saint Mary's Alumni Association, was chairman of the day, and after congratulating the Brothers on their wonderful work, introduced Brother Joseph, retiring Provincial and director of the local building activities. In making a very fine talk, Brother Joseph thanked all for their assistance emphasising the remarkable part played by the contractors and architects. Mr. Barry then called upon His Grace, the Archbishop, who, in turn, congratulated the Brothers on the realization of their plans besides stressing the need of Catholic education, particularly the education of young men; he deplored the fact that there are so few men to take up this great work and indicated that this fine achievement was a great step in the right direction. The ceremonies were then fittingly closed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The exercises were concluded by several selections by the College orchstra under the able direction of Professor Fuery.

——— S. M. ———

BROTHER LEWIS NEW PREXY

Friends in youth, and leaders in Christian education as men, is the distinction of our President, Brother Lewis and our President Emeritus Brother Gregory. "He was my chum in Martinez," is how Brother Lewis describes his acquaintance with his predecessor. In reply to a query concerning any changes, Brother Lewis made known his intentions in saying, "I intend to perpetuate the excellent policies of my worthy predecessor, Brother Gregory, and realize in so far as possible the plans for a greater Saint Mary's College."

Previous to his four years in Sacramento, where his untiring industry, pleasing personality and intelligent direction showered him with success in placing the Brothers' School in that city among the best in the state, Brother Lewis was an instructor in Civil Engineering in Saint Mary's College, in which capacity he successfully served for several years.

Though it is with reluctance that we bid Brother Gregory adieu, still we find ample consolation in his successor. A more able and genial man than Brother Lewis would be hard to find, and the "Collegian" in the name of the students of the college welcomes him with the best of wishes for a long reign as President of the best College in the West.

Football Babes in Record Turnout

"Dutch" Conlan, who last year so capably handled the "Irish Babes," will certainly have his hands full this year in attempting to pick out eleven men from the eighty odd men that turned out for the first Frosh gridiron workout. We feel sure, however, that Dutch, ably assisted by Clarence "Swede" Nelson and with no lack of material, will once again turn out a world beating Frosh aggregation.

— S. M. —

CIRCUMAMBULATOR ENTERS RACE

A prospective long distance star, that's what Charlie Paddock said of none other than Rafael Monzon, prominent Senior. To show himself worthy of such high praise the Guatemala coffee merchant is in daily training for the Lake Merritt Marathon. His training schedule includes a daily trip around the track, calisthenics and punching the bag. From the latest reports he is rapidly rounding into condition being clocked for a distance equal to around the Lake in 22 flat. A few more days and he ought to be rivaling Fox's 17 second mark of last year. With Cleary as trainer, anything is liable to happen.

— S. M. —

MASTERS MISSING

The peerless trio have left—St. Mary's will probably never get another three at the same time to equal them. Yes, George Weisheimer, "Maurie" Sheehan, and "Jack" Clark have joined the ranks of the dear departed. For Weisheimer the cry will be "why did you leave St. Mary's now?" Both Sheehan and "Chorgie" are attending California, the latter minus the man-sized mustache he sported here on the opening day. Clark is commuting daily to St. Ignatius in San Francisco. The "Talker" is gone!

Former Editor Says First Mass

On Sunday, August 21, 1927, at Saint Patricks Church, Oakland, Reverend Albert T. Duffy, '22, officiated at his first Solemn High Mass. He is remembered at the College for his work as editor of The Collegian, and for his work in debating. The Collegian congratulates him for his recent achievement, and wishes him great success in his vocation.

— S. M. —

THESPIANS GET COURSE

Among the new courses that have been offered for upper division men the one that suggests the greatest possibilities is the course in dramatic technique, given under the capable direction of Professor Hagerty. Heretofore, St. Mary's has been more or less handicapped in its presentation of plays because of the lack of knowledge on the part of the students regarding stagecraft. It has burdened the directors of the plays, and made production more difficult. But now, with such a course open to students, future work in stage presentations will be greatly facilitated.

— S. M. —

SENIOR COLLARS COIN

.One of the most interesting of summer vacations must have been that of Mark Aikin, curly-headed editor of last year's Annual, who was in charge of the Numismatic Department of the San Francisco De Young Memorial Museum. For the uninitiated, this is the study of coins, their sorting and cataloguing. Mark is known among the students for his interest in this particular field of research, being called upon to give his opinion on every Canadian dime that comes into the class treasury. The crowds who wander through the building in Golden Gate Park can now obtain a very clear idea of what their ancestors "used for money."

— S. M. —

LEO MURASKY, '13

Leo Murasky, '13, of San Francisco, is a candidate for Police Judge for the City and County of San Francisco.

Brother George Assumes Duties

Brother George, F. S. C., M. A., formerly Disciplinarian of the Christian Brothers School in Sacramento, has been appointed Dean of Men at Saint Mary's College. It was Brother George's able assistance that facilitated and made possible the establishment of the Sacramento School as one of the best secondary boarding schools in the West. His talents and fund of experience will now be directed in aiding the realization of that dream for a greater and larger Saint Mary's.

— S. M. —

Egad! Duffy Returns

James Duffy, Jr., is arrived at school fresh from his trip to Europe, having visited England, France and other countries of the Continent. It is whispered that he has yielded to the power of custom and, like every other continental traveler, has written of his adventures. A member of a prominent publishing firm has been seen in conference with him, and the child of his brain will soon see the light of day. "There is nothing like a little trip to put life into a fellow," says Jimmy, closing the interview by burying himself in the pages of his Mercier.

— S. M. —

ALUMNUS WRITES BOOK

Reverend Charles E. O'Neile, '86, Rector of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, San Francisco, has recently written a book entitled, "Convincing the World."

Senior Discord; Stolich and McCambridge At Daggers' Points

Tom McCambridge is lamenting his ill-luck. It seems that Tom was the first Senior to proudly display the new Senior sombrero on the campus this year. Naturally he felt "foremost" in the wearing of the coveted Senior hat, so imagine if you can his pain of heart upon opening the Oakland Tribune the other evening to find the smiling countenance of one "Pete" Stolich, Senior sombrero and all, introducing to the public the first showing of "The Hat." Rumor has it that Pete collaborated with certain reporters, who McCambridge has under suspicion and is only awaiting more conclusive evidence before trapping them.

— S. M. —

ROUGHRIDERS ROVE RENOWARD

On August 15th, the big town of Reno was stricken dumb with amazement and joy to see Hally and DeLew come riding into their midst, not on a box car, but in style—on the back of a Chevrolet truck. The boys were just on a little tour of the mountains, and they could not omit Reno from their visiting list. Hally has a cousin there, but remembering the good time DeLew is reputed to have had there on his last visit, he was evidently intent on visiting someone else. Now why bring that up?

COTTAGE LUNCH
Next Door to St. Mary's
Home Made Pies
Good Coffee and Sandwiches
Etc.
Under New Management
3333 BROADWAY

Devereux
Across the Way for
GOOD EATS

JOE RABINOWITZ
Wholesale Quality Meats
"Where Quality Exists Regardless of Price"
Third and Broadway
Phone Oakland 2395
Res. Phone, Oakland 8642

ATTENTION STUDENTS!
IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL
CASEY
THE COLLEGE BARBER
Shoe Shining in Connection
KEY ROUTE INN
Phone Lakeside 823

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR MEN'S CLOTHING
J. LEON
620 WASHINGTON ST. — OAKLAND

Yours For
QUALITY
and
SERVICE
Superior Doughnut Co.
4260-62-64 Broadway
Phone Humboldt 559

:: SHOE REPAIRING ::
F. A. WESTCOTT
—WORK GUARANTEED—
3610 Piedmont Ave., Oakland

Phone Lakeside 3500
Hours by Appointment
Dr. G. P. Moynihan
:: DENTIST ::
504-511 Federal Realty Bldg.
Oakland, California

TONY'S TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
at
1957 SAN PABLO AVE.
Phone Oakland 2120
Tony Micco Oakland, Calif.

Harrington-McInnis Co.
PRINTERS
263-265 12th St. Phone Oak .89

KEYSTONE FRENCH CLEANERS
205 MOSS AVENUE
For the convenience of the students we will call at any time or any place without extra charge
—Special Rates to St. Mary's Men—
—PIEDMONT 3588—

Arthur Ramage Co.
Washington Street, between 13th and 14th
OAKLAND

Charter House

READY-MADE and CUT-TO-ORDER

—The tendency among college men is to secure a definite effect. This ordinarily revolves around the lapels. To meet this situation, Charter House has executed a style of Jacket which will prove impressive, regardless of the individual treatment. No other garment in either the United States or England adapts itself so splendidly to the desires of the student.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS
$45.00

"THIRTY-ONE" TODDLE SET FOR TO-NITE

Tonight the annual Freshman hop takes place in the college gym. After this evening's fracas the Frosh will be full-fledged yearlings.

Interesting to note concerning tonight's affair, the Sophs are presenting a very fascinating innovation. They are supplying partners for the new men. This is the first time anything like this will have taken place around here, and the second year men deserve high commendation for their action.

This is going to foster a new feeling of fellowship among the students of the college hereafter; it is starting a precedent, which we hope will turn into a tradition. Of course it is a "blind date," but the Irish are gifted with extraordinary luck, and the Frosh will certainly all be lucky in drawing a "sugar mamma" for one and all. Of course it is chance, but beginner's luck will hold sway. Good luck, Frosh!

— S. M. —

Skeleton Reassembled

The lost is found, the wanderer has returned! Members of the "Everyman" cast of last year will be relieved to know that the skeleton part lost by one of their members has been recovered. This loss caused quite a disturbance while it lasted, and it was only with the efficient aid of Acting Chief of Police Quinn, Corporal McInerney, and some more of San Francisco's "finest" that the hand was returned. Who said policemen were mere figureheads?

— S. M. —

PRODIGALS RETURN

With the opening day dawned the arrival of two students of former years —Fred Muldoon, back with his old class of '28, and "Ted" Osborne, formerly of '30 class. Muldoon spent a year down at U. C. Southern Branch, and Osborne put in his year working. The old college seems a magnet—they can't leave it. However, maybe the girls died, who knows?

— S. M. —

HELLO PARIS!

Johnny Burke, '09, has been elected to attend the World Convention of the American Legion, which will be held in Paris this year.

Guichard '08
College Cleaner and Dyer
:: CALLS DAILY ::
Leaves Clothes in Office
—Satisfaction Guaranteed—

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
USES
PRODUCERS MILK

AUTO LUNCH
Across the Way

SOPH "POW-WOW" HELD

The first meeting of the Sophomore class marked the resume of the work that was so successfully begun last year. With the enthusiasm that has marked their past efforts the Sophs proceeded to elect their leaders for the ensuing year.

Leonard Thomas was chosen President; Charles Shields, vice president; William Grimes, secretary; N. S. Bogan, treasurer. With these men as leaders, the Sophomores plan to carry on. The sophomores are busy to the man to establish their class as the leaders in the school, athletically, socially, and scholastically.

— S. M. —

SOPH JOINS REDEMPTORISTS

"Mike" Linehan, Sophomore football manager of last year, left yesterday for St. Joseph's college in the East, the novitiate for the Redemptorist Fathers.

It is with the keenest regret that the college bids him farewell. "Mike" has always been a credit to the college in anything that he has ever undertaken, and it is going to miss him. Still, he is choosing the better course, and our hearty good wishes go with him. So long, "Mike."

— S. M. —

NEW GARB DAZZLES OAKLANDERS

Well, well, at last things are being done around here! Have you seen the new Senior hats, the Frosh caps, and the Sophomore jeans? The boys look quite natty in their distinctive raiment. It is a joy to see that the ball has started rolling, and collegiate atmosphere is rapidly being developed around here. This is just the thing, for the boys are surely going to be in harmony with the fine new college now being constructed out at Moraga. If the Juniors don't hurry and devise something, the rest of the college will be presenting them with Brown Derbies.

COTTAGE BARBER SHOP
Just Around the Corner
HAIRCUTS SHAVES
3355 Broadway

SCHOLASTIC TURNS STATISTICIAN

Brother Cyprian, the tall, blonde, and good looking scholastic, is the champion "statistician" of the college.

According to Brother Ralph, and others in the "know," this beardless youth is an absolute genius in his line. It is whispered about that he knows the records of every student in the college by heart. This, however, is a pretty big bill for any man to fill, and seeing that our information is authentic, our hat is off to him. He looks from this angle, as a good person to cultivate for a friend, for with his knowledge of pasts, he would make a mean enemy. Here are some of his results:

Percentage of increase over last year—

Freshmen	50.
Sophomore	84.3
Junior	25.
Senior	93.3

Where most of the Seniors came from—

Saint Mary's College High	33.3
Public High Schools	33.3
Sacred Heart College	22.2

— S. M. —

HANDBOOK

Did you get your Handbook? If you haven't you don't want to waste any time procuring one. Ray Arata and Harry Bertain are to be commended on the fine edition they have been instrumental in putting out this year. This Handbook idea was started in '26 by Edgar Hinkle, and has continued and developed into the fine edition it is at present. Don't fail to get your's, Frosh, and then you'll never go wrong. And Ray and Harry, accept our heartiest congratulations!

The Richer Cream
Walnut Grove Creamery Co.
PHONE PIEDMONT 70

YOU CAN ALWAYS BUY WITH CONFIDENCE HERE
Quality Considered, You Can Depend on It That You Will Save Money Buying From John Powers
SUITS AT
$35.00 — $37.50
$40.00 — $42.50
AND
$45.00
TOPCOATS AT
$35.00 — $37.50 — $40.00
These are all guaranteed hand-tailored garments
Regular $6.00 Cord, $4.75
Regular $5.00 Cord, $3.75
John Powers A MAN'S SHOP CLOTHIER
2229 TELEGRAPH AVE. PHONE: BERKELEY 4618

French "Parleyvoo" Today

Among the first of the student societies to manifest any real activity this scholastic year is the Charlemagne Club, which has already had several executive meetings. The first regular gathering of the society will take place on Wednesday evening, September 8, when new officers shall be elected and several new members shall be received into the organization. After the auspicious start made last year, the Charlemagne Club is greatly encouraged and hopes to do great things in the near future.

— S. M. —

FORMER STUDENT WITH ROLPH

William J. "Dick" Fitzgerald, '05, is in charge of the personal contact division of the campaign of Mayor James Rolph. All Alumni who know "Dick," and there are very few who don't, realize that he is the right man for the job.

Hickey-Freeman
Customized Clothes

"All-American"
Customized by
HICKEY-FREEMAN

In the "ALL AMERICAN" Hickey-Freeman have embodied that care-free, nonchalant style, the easy, natural drape that combines the utmost of comfort with smart good looks.

"See Them in Our Windows"

McCauley-Woolsey
1542 Broadway Oakland

S. M. WHO'S WHO

"Slip" Madigan—Very blonde, and sober faced—no dimples. Never gives "fighting talks" nor smokes.

——— S. M. ———

"Brownie" Bettencourt—A small frail youth, who's broad smile offsets his delicate body. Always talking—the life of the party. Candidate for center on the varsity—don't think he'll make it.

——— S. M. ———

"Cue Ball" Hicks—Another small youth. Being fed milk and fatty foods at present—thirty-five pounds underweight.

——— S. M. ———

"Silent" Arata—Never speaks until spoken to. Hates to laugh, sing or dance. So misanthropic he dodges the sun.

——— S. M. ———

"Pavlowa" Merrick and "Housemaid's Knees" Tobin. Two more aspirants for Madigan's marauders. If they only had more weight they might realize their ambitions. They'll never make the team, but you've got to give them credit for trying.

——— S. M. ———

Felan LeFevre—A "beeg strong fellar." Likes his books, will have nothing at all to do with athletics. Felan would make a good Graduate Manager.

——— S. M. ———

Tom McCambridge—Would like to be President of the student body. Tom is one of those individuals who never cracks a book. He is always the first to get a joke, and the loudest laugher.

——— S. M. ———

Brother Agnon—Don't know much about this individual—a recent arrival at the college. Nobody seems to know him around here.

THE SOPH SAYS:

"Stella" Cleclak is undoubtedly just the thing in Bro. Agnon's astronomy class.

——— S. M. ———

Oh yes! Harry Bill is still with us. At present he is telling Bert Magoon how many foul balls have been lost in the big leagues. Good old dope sheet.

——— S. M. ———

He is our man! For the fifth successive season, Rabbi Hayes is voted the pride of Sandy Beach.

——— S. M. ———

Bobby Jones has nothing on Ed. Smiddy. Just yesterday Ed shot a 66 at Harding. Look out, Ed, the last nine are the hardest.

——— S. M. ———

Oh, do come to the Frosh Reception, girls, Charley Shields will be there!

——— S. M. ———

"Whatsa" Maata is back again. More reasons why the teachers work so hard.

——— S. M. ———

"Admiral" Alejandrino is on shore leave. Al knows the world like a porthole.

——— S. M. ———

"Father" Figroid used his ability during vacation (for a change). "Father" taught Sunday School in Oakland's First Methodist Cathedral.

——— S. M. ———

Jim Lang spends most of his week ends at the new Boyes Springs Hotel. Jim claims that it is not so much the hotel. Oh no! Just what is in it—that is what counts.

——— S. M. ———

"Bunny" Higgins and Razzetto found the allurements of San Francisco too much to resist. They worked there all vacation.

CLAUDE SILVA BACK AGAIN

Claude Silva, prominent thespian at the College in years past, has returned. Claude is now an instructor in the English Department. It's strange what an attraction St. Mary's has for the old students, they can't keep away. Nevertheless, Claude, we are all glad to have you back, and hope your stay will be a lengthy one.

——— S. M. ———

EX-SAINT GETS NEW POST

Paul Hungerford, of the class of '26, has secured a very responsible position in the Physical Education Department of San Francisco.

Seeing that he was always distinguished in his collegiate days for his athletic prowess, Paul should have no difficulty in making the grade. San Francisco is lucky in securing such a valuable addition to its personnel, while it is always Oakland that overlooks its opportunities.

——— S. M. ———

ST. MARY'S BOY WITH CUBS

"Pete" Scott is playing right field for the Chicago Cubs. If the Cubs keep up their present gait "Pete" will be St. Mary's representative in the World Series.

(Continued from page 5)

seems to have an edge on one position. Big and very fast, Merrick hits the line with plenty of power. Joe Rooney, a punter of some ability, also served as relief man last year. With the experience gained, he will make a strong bid for his brother's position. From the Freshman team there is Bogan, a fast, hard-hitting back, who is good on the defense and in there fighting all the time. Simas, a punter of no mean ability, who also shines on both offense and defense, will be there plugging hard.

Then there is Scarlett, a tricky open field runner, fast and very elusive. MacIntyre, a fast man, who has been troubled by injuries for three years, will also give the boys a merry time of it, provided he can shake the jinx. All the candidates are about even as regards experience, with the exception of Merrick and Rooney, who have this factor in their favor.

Kasperowicz, hero of the last Santa Clara-Saint Mary's game, and O'Gorman, who divided the fullback chores last year, are going to fight it out with Pitchford, frosh star, for the job this year.

Utilize the services of these banks "on the busiest corner in Oakland"

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK

:: Affiliated Institutions ::
Broadway and 14th, Oakland, California
Savings Branch: 49th and Telegraph
Agency: Fruitvale Ave. & East 14th St.

Contra Costa Laundry

Phone Fruitvale 6600

MILK SHAKES
AND
BLUE AND GOLD ICE CREAM
USED BY ST. MARY'S MEN
Are Served By
MILLER BROS. CREAMERY CO.
Rates On All Kinds Of Ice Cream
2941 BROADWAY PHONE OAKLAND 3307

COLLEGE CUT CORDS
$6.00 value—$4.25

New Fall Styles in College Clothes priced at $35.00

HARRY GOODMAN
471 TWELFTH STREET
Formerly "The Clothes Shop"

Saint Mary's College

Oakland, California

Conducted by the
Brothers of the Christian Schools

Resident and Non-Resident Students

SCHOOL OF ARTS AND LETTERS

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
SCHOOL OF LAW

DEGREES CONFERRED

FOR CATALOGUE ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

Sacred Heart College

Ellis and Franklin Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

Conducted by the Christian Brothers Under the Patronage of The Most Reverend Archbishop

Select Day School for Boys and Young Men

Complete Business and High School Courses

Accredited to Saint Mary's College

PHONE FILMORE 189

Saint Mary's College High School

Peralta Park, Berkeley, Calif.

Conducted by
THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

FULLY ACCREDITED

Resident and non-resident students
Students in upper grammar grades received for the present semester year

For particulars address
THE REGISTRAR
—Studies resumed August 16th—